The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

RICHARD LINK, piano

Friday, May 7, 1982 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 (1801). . . . . Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1727)
Adagio Sostenuto
Allegretto
Presto Agitato

Mädchenlied, Op. 107, No. 5 (1886) . . . . . .Johannes Brahms
Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (1864) . . . . . (1833-1897)
Wie Melodien zieht es, Op. 105, No. 1 (1886) . . . . . .
Nergebliches ständchen, Op. 84, No. 4 (1881) . . . . . .
Patricia Swan, soprano

INTERMISSION

Toccata in D Major (c.1710). . . . . .Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Sonata, No. 2 (1936) . . . . . Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)
Mafig schneil
Lebhaft
Sehrlangsam: rondo

Three Preludes (1927). . . . . .George Gershwin (1898-1937)
Allegro ben rimato e deciso
Andante con moto e poco rubato
Allegro ben rimato e deciso

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr. Link

Translations

Madchenlied (A Maiden's Song)

At evening in the spinning room, the maidens sing,
The Village lads laugh, how quickly the wheels turn.
Everyone spins for her trousseau, that her sweetheart
may be pleased.
A short while only, and wedding bells will ring.
There is none who is fond of me, who will ask for me;
How sad I am, in whom can I confide?
The tears are running down my face.
Wherefore shall I spin? I know not!

Die Mainacht (The May Night)

When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs.
And over the lawn scatter its slumbering light.
And the nightingale sings.
I walk sadly through the woods.
Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me:
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.
When, oh smiling image, that like dawn
Shines upon my soul, when I shall find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows tremblings
Burning down my cheek.

Wie Melodien zieht es (Like A Melody It Passes)

Like a melody it passes
Softly through my mind,
Like the flowers of spring it blooms,
And floats of like a fragrance;
But the word comes and seizes it,
And brings it before my eyes
Like the grey mist it pales then,
And vanishes like a breath.
And yet there's in the rhyme
A fragrance deeply hidden,
That gently from a dormant bud,
Is called forth by tear-stained eyes.

Vergebliches Ständchen (A Futile Serenade)

(He) Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening my child
Love brings me to you,
Oh, open the door for me.

(She) My door is locked,
I won't let you in.
Mother gives good advice,
If you should come in,
T'would all be over for me.

(He) So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart freezes,
And my love will be extinguished;
Open for me, my child!

(She) If your love dies,
Let it perish!
Let it perish, never mind;
Go home to bed, to sleep,
Good night, my lad,
Good night, good night, my lad!